But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit:
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh,
To ſee me thus tranſ-formed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my Torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of diſcovery, Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd. *Lor.* So are you ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy; but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtayd for at *Baſſanios* Feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores, and guild my ſelfe
With ſome moe ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrow me but I love her heartily.
For ſhee is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And faire ſhee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhee is, as ſhee hath proov'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, fayre and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. *Enter Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whoſe there?

Grat. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe abourd.
I have ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight,
Then to be under-ſayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the Curtaines, and diſcover
The ſeverall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This

Mor. This firſt of gold, who thi
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gaine what ma
The ſecond Silver, which this pron
Who chooſeth mee, ſhall get as much
This third dull Lead, with warning
Who chuſeth mee, muſt give and haz
How ſhall I know if I doe chuſe th

Por. The one of them containes
If you chooſe that, then I am yours

Mor. Some God direct my jud
I will ſurvay th'inſcriptions backe
What ſayes this Leaden Casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and haz
Muſt give, for what? for lead? ha
This Casket threatens men that ha
Doe it in hope of faire Advantage
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſh
Ile then nor give nor hazard ough
What ſayes the Silver with her V
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much
As much as he deſerves: pauſe the
And weigh thy value with an eve
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimat
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and ye
May not extend ſo farre as to the
And yet to be afraid of my deſerv
Were but a weake diſabling of m
As much as I deſerve; why thats t
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fo
In graces, and in qualities of breed
But more then theſe, in love I do
What if I ſtraid no farther, but ch
Lets ſee once more this ſaying gra
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what
Why thats the Lady, all the worl
From the foure corners of the ear
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall
The Hircanian deſerts, and the va

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